A STORY OF ACTION, LOVE, SURPRISES

And the Old Contrast Between the Orient and the Occident

that he truly loved her until that 4:30 the next morning. afternoon the week before, when he had seen her coming down the white terrace of Tommy Burnham's marvel-out "Mediterranean" house at Santa

Anna Borland was small, sloe-eyed, olive-skinned—exquisitely pretty in a subtle eastern way that lent itself to diaphanous, floating garments and many-hued turbans. It was the tur-ban that had done it. Gilford Rand was anything but imaginative, but that afternoon he had felt the mystery of the past about him.

So he waited for her beside the lilypool, smoking a cigarette at the bothad come drifting down toward him through the lilac dusk like a Persian princess—and all in one magic monent it had come over him that he

Burnham's terrace through the lilac on several occasions toward young men, but nothing had of Rand's voice, the strained look in his eyes, had told her that something had happened to him. Now as he sat opposite her in the train she waited nxiously for the simple question that would make her future secure. Why becoming awkward. Well, there would he must make the best of it. had he not spoken? The silence was be plenty of other occasions before they reached New York! She would make them.

"What myriads of flowers!" she exclaimed, looking through the window. "Purple and gold and scarlet! Like the gleaming cohorts of Assurbanipal. embankment is covered with

"Funny, how they grow right out of the sand!" he ventured, striving to resurrect some faint recollection of who Assurbanipal might be. "You wouldn't hink they'd find enough nourishment

"They're effective only in the mass! she rejoined. "Individual wild flowers are coarse, compared with cultivated Beauty needs nurture, and the

right soil, properly prepared. sometimes think that never blows so red he rose as where some buried Caesar bled; hat every hyadint the garden wears ropped in her lap from some once lovely head!

lilles-of-the-valley.

plain. To the north the purple Sier-ness.
ras; to the southwest the snow-Rand began running toward the crowned San Bernadinos against a approaching lights, which bobbed erdelicately pink sky. Color and sunlight everywhere! Far away across madly through the dust clouds, carthe sea of mesquite a single lonely oming from one yucca to another, ranch house stood in the square of and tearing his clothes upon the mesbrown, where some intrepld soul was struggling to wrench a living from hausted, he reached a point directly the sand. What a life! Yet it had in front of the car and the next inpoints. You were outdoors all the

He turned and rediscovered Anna. "How would you like to live there?" She smiled at him through half-

lowered lids: "With me along some strip of herbage

That just divides the desert from the sown, Where name of slave and sultan is forgot-And peace to Mahmud on his golden throne.' " straight into the muzzle of a revolver.

"You'd find it pretty rough, I guess!" he grumbled, embarrassed, "You know the rest of it, don't you?" she persisted, tiptoeing softly on the trail of opportunity.

"Of what I was quoting?" "No-what is it?"

"Fitzgerald's paraphrase of the 'Ru-She opened her blue emerald traveling case and removed a daintily

tooled little volume. "If you're very good I'll lend you copy and you can go off by yourself and read the whole of it!"

He took it with a sinking of the heart. He loathed poetry. Would he ever be up to her? Then she turned gaily to the window again.

"What wonderful, wonderful flow-How I should like a whole armful of them!" * * * *

ALONE in the observation car Rand finished the whole thing in twenty minutes, surprised to find it such godd stuff. A negro thrust his head; inside the doorway, looked at him and

"Firs' call fo' dinner!" rose, thrust the book into his pocket and stepped out upon the back Tve seen you playing polo. Every platform. Desert verbena in dense g.r. in Santa Barbara knows you by masses swarmed up and over the em- sight. bankment, while golden poppies, more aloof, filled the ditches and nearby | voscue?" arroyos. Rand wished that he could

They slowed down and a brakeman came hurrying through the car. He But a school teacher! An old maid, raised the platform section conceal- probably! ing the steps, dropped to the ground, lattern in hand, and ran on ahead. The train stopped entirely, right in middle of a huge bed of verbena. Rand stepped down onto the track and hastily began picking. The con ductor and brakeman were diucuss ing something up toward the engine

lowered himself into the ditch and began on the poppies. A, slight noise caused him to turn; the train had started almost imperceptibly. The embankment was steeper than it looked and the ver ceptibly. bena made it slippery. By the time Rand had reached the rails the train was already thirty yards or so away. stay over, but I had to get back He had been a sprinter at college, but the ties proved difficult to run on. At first he gained ground, but presently found that the train was steadily drawing away from him. Surely some one must have seen him-must see him! Winded, he stopped, waving

his cap helplessly. Presently perhaps they would miss him and come back. easily by 6 o'clock tomorrow morn But the train at that moment slipped out of sight.

E HAD almost spoken. The last station. They had passed none you do? You couldn't sleep out all words had half formed them- for at least an hour. By consulting night alone." selves upon his lips as they the timetable in his pocket, he sat, speeding eastward across learned that the train would pass no the desert, in her drawing room on the other for a couple of hours more. Sunset Limited." He had not realized The next train was not due until

had seen her coming down the white marble steps of the eucalyptus-lined terrace of Tommy Burnham's marvelacross the plain. He shivered, glad of the leather coat which he had of the leather coat which he silpped on as a protection against the dust.

He climbed down the embank-

ment—and started through the greasewood to find a road, but a halfhour's search revealed not even a

He retraced his steps to the track. Some wildcat engine or freight train might happen along. He must have a fire as a signal. His knife made no impression upon the rhinolike hide of the yucca, and the mesquite thorns quickly covered his hands with blood Moreover, his pursuit of the train had

made him very thirsty. But nowhere was there any sign of water. It had grown dark and the wind had drifted down Tommy had risen. Rand took refuge in the small arroyo beside the track. He kicked a hole in the mudbank on one come of it. This time the husky tones of Rand's voice, the strained look in of dead greasewood twigs. Luckily he had matches, although his cigarette case was empty. He cowered there, holding his hands to the feeble blaze, until the twigs were consum It was too dark to find more. Well,

Crouching in his shallow cave, his and water you can go anywhere." stomach empty, his feet and legs numb with cold, his hands smarting from the pricks of thorns, his eyes filled with dust, his whole figure cov-ered with a white powder of alkali, he pictured himself in the dining car of the limited discussing the menu

with Anna under the electric lamps. He could not endure his cramped position for long, however, and presently found it necessary to get up and stretch. As he stood there, fac-ing the darkness single-handed, he felt a curious exaltation of spirit. oupled with a strange accession of purely physical strength. After all, he wasn't going to die out there; he didn't have to freeze or starve to death simply because that fool train his way out of the mess somehow!

He listened reverently, although to Sierras! The moan rose to a roar while she laid the fire, struck of the road and reveling the stones of the road and reveling the sand.

The figure draft the dry of the road and reveling the sand.

"There!" she said after a moment thought the wild flowers.

There were harebells, for instance: the thought them very pretty. And the sand that peppered his face and hands. For the first time his adventure appeared ominous. As he was about to return to the shelter of was about to return to the shelter of "You might make some toast" she said after a moment. There!" she said after a moment. Ther rould see. Too bad he wasn't more up the arroyo, he caught the gleam of twin motor lights a mile or more to the second in the se On every side stretched the golden away, wavering through the dark-

stant he was in the full glare of the a warning shout into the teeth of the gale. The motor stopped, dropped into low gear, and crept toward him. A voice shouted from behind the lights, "Put up both your hands!

RAND quickly raised his arms again and found himself looking "What do you want?" came from

above the shrick of the wind. "I got left behind out there by the Limited," he answered. "Can you give me a light to the next town?" The engine ceased throbbing. Something lashed behind the revolver. The motor lights faded out.

"Stay where you are till I give you the once over?" The voice was a woman's. Rand waited, arms extended like a scarecrow, while the owner of the voice inspected him carefully by means of a trouble light.
Then quite unexpectedly she said.

"You're Mr. Gilford Rand aren't you?" Rand could not help laughing. Fame had its uses, after all! "That's who I am," he admitted "Do you mind if I drop my hands?" A

chuckle came from behind the light. "Funny! I thought you were trying to hold me up. But can you blame me? Do you get left that way often? Without waiting for his answer she returned the pistol to her belt, cranked the filver, got in, and turned on the lights again. "Climb aboard."

Rand did so, wondering what she looked like. The girl threw in her gears and they moved off. "How did he asked, peeryou know my name?" ing at her.

"And may I ask to whom I owe my "My name is Isabella Sands," she pick some of the flowers. The ver-bena would be very becoming to beyond the San Marcos I teach at the high school in the winter." Her voice

> "How did you manage to be ma-"The train stopped and I got off to

"Oh!" she laughed. "I suppose I sound all kinds of ar

idiot," he said.
"Not at all!" she responded gaily. "You sound very gallant!" It was the first time that the obvious connotation of his adventure had suggested

"What are you doing in the lesert at this hour of the night?" he coun-

tered. "We had a school holiday on Friday, so a party of us mot Lake Sarko. The others decided to 9 o'clock tomorrow morning. here I am!"

"Alone?" "Why, yes!" Her voice was puzzled "But Lake Sarko is a couple of hundred miles from here! When will

you get home?"

ing." "But," he again expostulated, "sup Well, hed have to walk back to the pose you broke down. What we

she answered with evident amuse ment. "Don't take me for a society ment. Bon't take me for a society girl. I'm not. I'm just one of the hoi pollol." They were yelling at each other against the noise of the wind which bombarded the windshield with sand. Rand admired her control of the wheel, which she never lost, despite ruts, boulders and cavities. Tney the girl threw on both brakes and the car stopped with a jerk. Just in front of them yawned a gully. Fragments of cement and the end of broken girder showed where a bridge had once spanned the sides.

"There's been a washout," she an. nounced. Looks as if we'd have to spend the night here."

Rand stared at her incredulously. 'Here?' he repeated. "We've no choice," she answered "The only other road is through Jaw-bone Canyon at the other end of the

death! Weleaped from the car.

"Had your supper?" she shouted, making a funnel of her hands. "I Her suggestion seemed to him utterly fantastic.

"There's firewood in the flivver." she explained. "And a carteen of wa ter. I always carry both. With wood

the shabbiness of the woodwork and upholstery, the bad taste of the decorations, the lumpiness of the mattresses, the inferiority of the food. of her ability to put up with discomfort of being a good traveler. He laughed into the storm, which satisfactly and satisfactly in the couldn't I sleep in the couldn't I slee shricked satirically in reply. wished Anna were there, and could see this other girl calmly treparing to make a night of it in the face of such a riot of the elements.

leath simply because that foot train ad gone off and left him. He'd beat is way out of the mess somehow!

A moan came from the north. The wind-breaker," she said. "And we can darkness became more opaque. A earthed from between the seats to the

"You might make some trast," she canopy top.
"There's a loaf of bread "Now," sh suggested. "There's a loaf of bread "Now," she directed, as she spread in the sack under the front seat, and the rug over the space she had prebutter in the tin cracker box." So pared. 'First we must lie down and they sat on their heels, shielding roll ourselves in the sack under the day before. How strangely beautiful this wide land of sand and sky

pursed, determined lips. 'Every line bespoke vigor, courage, competency. "Come and get it!" directed the girl, holding out the frying pan.

Crouching side by side to windward "Sure!" He lay down and she took "I pass for a tired business man!" he answered, with a laugh. "I'm supposed to be a stock broker, but the fact is I've a complacent partner who lets me do as I choose. And I

SHE had thrown herself on the ground and, with her chin in her hands, she was eyeing him curiously. Stretched thus in the firelight, she was as lithe and graceful as one of bone Canyon at the other end of the valley, sixty miles away. It may be just as bad as this. We'll have to ing so ravishingly pretty during his sleep here and work our way out of sleep here and work our way out of blew the girl's corn-colored hair for-"Nonsense! We can't sleep here!" ward across her temples, and she he exclaimed aghast. "We'd freeze to brushed it away with an impatient death! We—" But she had already kesture. He had ceased to intrast er appearance with that of Anna, to the atter's disadvantage. He had

forgotten Anna entirely.
"Well," she murmured drowslly, after a silence, "how about turning

He looked at her. "Where do you propose to sleep?" he asked. "In front of the car. It's quite level."

"Nonsense!" she retorted, springing to her feet. "We'll be warm as toast

in that blanket! As for the wind, I can fix that easily enough. After

"It's a pretty big man," she laughed, "and a very small car! You really

would freeze if you tried that."
"All the same, I don't see you sleep-"We'll leave the car here for a blowing the sand in your face, even if you manage to keep warm," he pro-

> "One's body can stand a lot mor than most people realize," she replied. "One can sleep anywhere—so long as She began kicking the stones out

"There!" she said after a moment.

they sat on their heels, shielding roll ourselves in the rug with our and sunlight, of cactus and snow their eyes from the sparks which flew heads to the wind, and then pull the crowned crest! How vigorous and from the fanned embers, while the envelope down over our shoulders. chops sizzled and the steam jetted from the spout of the coffee pot.

He could see now the charm of her profile—its small, straight nose, the heavy brows protesting against the smoke, and the full curve of her pursed, determined lips. 'Every line' "Sure" He could suppose the profile—its small, straight nose, the heavy brows protesting against the smoke, and the full curve of her pursed, determined lips. 'Every line' "Sure" He could stand New York eleven months in the year. Anna would probably want to go to Newport. He loathed Newport. "What do you do for a living?" suddenly asked the suddenly as

Desert Rubaiyat

head inside the cover, Rand discovered to his astonishment that they were absolutely protected. The wind twitched and tugged at the envelope into which their heads were thrust, and scattered sand and gravel upon it; but in spite of the hubbub outside, Rand experienced a delicious sense of drowsiness and security within.

"Good night!" she said, in a sleepy voice. "Pleasant dreams!"

STIFLING sensation of weight A upon his face awoke him. His hand, when he thrust it forth, came in contact with something cold and white. The place beside him was

"Isabella!" he cried, startled. Then he lifted the envelope and looked out. "Wood and water!" An nour ago
his accommodations upon the train
had seemed mediocre capugh. He had
shared Anna's amimatversions upon
the shabbliness of the woodwork and
you'd freeze before morning!"

he lifted the envelope and looked out.
The ground was snow-covered, the
world agare with sunlight. From behind the rocks came the snap of
burning twigs and the smell of smoke. Already she was busy with the frying-pan.

'Hello!" she called. "are you "Only just!" he replied comfortably. "I thought for a minute that

"Not yet!" she retorted. "You've got to endure me for at least five

'You can't make it too long for

me!" he asserted.

They breakfasted in highest spirits, in an amphitheater of snow-capped peaks. The wind ceased, the sun burned hot out of a burnished sky. He replaced their fragmentary outfit in the flivver, while Isabella melted the ice in the pail, refilled the radiator, and turned the car. Once more he was beside her, speeding across he was beside her, speeding across the plain; but this time in the opposite direction-due west. An hour, more the drifts of scarlet, gold and

of the fire, they ate their supper, and in spite of the discrete rud cinders Rand and never so enjoy a meal.

** * *

CHE had thrown herself on the laughed. Having managed to get his here, and—well, I've always had head thrown herself on the laughed. Having managed to get his here, and—well, I've always had head thrown herself on the laughed. Having managed to get his here, and—well, I've always had head thrown here. "I see," she nodded. But why don't you do it now, when you can enjoy it? 'Some time' isn't any time, is it?" an idea that maybe some time

> "But, after all, there's a lot to con-sider. Stock farming isn't much of a career in the east. Besides, one has a duty to society and to one's family."
> "Yes," she agreed, readily enough "Of course one has a duty to one's family! By the way, I wonder if they are worrying about you?" Rand did not think it necessary to explain that Anna was the only living person who

"Perhaps you're right," he said

by any possibility could qualify as "family," actual or prospective.

What had she done when he had failed to turn up for dinner? Had she assumed merely that he had got into a bridge game; or had she become worried over his non-appearance, and —when he could not be found—concluded that he had fallen overboard? He wondered how seriously, after all, Anna would have taken his sudden She would probably have married Tommy Burnham inside of a year, and looked more like a Persian

incess than ever. There was nothing Persian about Isabella, however! Simple, straight-forward, unpretentious, she was frankly of the west! Mighty sensible in her ideas on almost everything. He looked forward with increasing depression to the moment when they They retraced their route of the eve ning before until once again across the sea of mesquite the lonely ranch house swam into view. Isabella nodded toward ft.

"Old Tom Bixby's place," she said, and added: "The strip of herbage strown, that just divides the desert from the sown!" He turned to her, nonplussed.

"You know that-too!" he exclaimed. "What, the 'Rubaiyat'? Of course! We give it to all the kinds in the second grade. Excuse me for quoting it at you! It's pretty hackneyed, but, after all, it's good old stuff, isn't it!" "It's my favorite poem!" he replied, with a grin. "In fact, I've got it in my pocket at this very moment. I was reading it just before I stepped off the train." He produced the beautifully bound volume from his pocket

and exhibited it. "A book of verses underneath the bough, A jug of wine, a loaf of bread—and thou Beside me singing in the wilderness— Oh, wilderness were Paradise enow!"

-he read. She smiled whimsically. "Now we're even!" she declared.
"Honestly, though! I should never have suspected it of you!"

"I mean it." he said fervently. " thought of it a lot last night as we sat there by the fire. I've never met anybody half as—as jolly as you, "Nonsense!" she replied, and a faint

He thrust the book back into his pocket, not knowing what more to say.
"We'd best go straight back to Barstow," she annaunced after a some prolonged silence. "They're on the train. You ought to communi cate with them just as soon as you

TT was high noon before they reache the junction at Barstow. As Isabella ran the flivver up to the step station a feeling of approach ing bereavement possessed him. He desert, his heart's true desire. And now he must lose her—forever. After all, he was more or less committed to Anna! Yet down in his soul he knew that already she meant more to the first all the first all the first and the first all the first and the first all the first and the first all the first all the first and the first all the fir that already she meant more to him than Anna ever had or ever would. Ruefully he climbed down out of the

"I suppose it's good-bye!" he said. with an attempt at a smile. "I can't ever properly thank you for what sould be suffered to sould be suffered you've done-and-for what you've aught me. You've given me a new of view entirely. You must let write to you." He stifled the ne write to you." ronic speculation as to how Anna, if smoked. he knew the whole story, would feel about this. "And you won't forget

"I promise," she answered, seriously "I'm not going to leave you yet, unt know what train you can catch I've missed today already. I shall send the principal a wire that I'm de-"Bully!" he exclaimed, delighted at

the thought of another hour in her ompany. "Til be gone only a min-

ast?" Rand asked.

ng. Gilford Rand.

The operator grunted.

Two-thirty. "May I send a telegram?" For an "Miss Anna Borland." Rand began left behind last evening when train stopped between stations. Am all right. Will see you immediately on rrival in New York Saturday morn-

The operator read it. "That's my name." The man looked

"I s'pose you know they've been 635 pounds. telegraphing all over the United Let us get our minds clear about all States for you?" Rand shook his this tobacco. There are still more

night looking for you. Say, where'd objects of luxury in France. The Prisoner you hide yourself?' great mass of smokers—farmers, with me,"

"I wasn't hiding," answered Rand.
"This'll be 81 cents. See this morning's Examiner?" The man thrust a newspaper under the lattice. Across ashamed and sorry, Forgive me, old the top of the page, above the photograph of a big man in polo costume ran a two-inch scare head:

HE CAUGHT THE GLEAM OF

TWIN MOTOR LIGHTS WAVER-

ING THROUGH THE DARK-

"Polo Player Financially Ruined— Leaps From Train." "Gilford Rand, millionaire stock

broker and sportsman, jumped last evening from the Sunset Limited to what is assumed to be instant death, on learning that his entire fortune on learning that his entire fortune had been swept away in the failure of the well known Wall street flow the well known Wall street firm of Rand & Krayne. Friends on the train wired of his disappearance in turned and stepned had the midst of the desert, and a special dow. was dispatched from Earstow at a Giv. late hour to look for his body. At said. Directly beneath appeared the fol-

lowing:

"New York, April 20 .- Rand & Krayne, stock brokers at 20 Wall street, announced their voluntary suspension today. The reason is understood to be heavy losses upon the bear side sustained in the recent prolonged rise. Mr. Rand, who is inter-nationally famous as a polo player, is his brown eyes, gave her a wild thrill. nationally famous as a polo player, is in California. Mr. Krayne, the other member of the firm, could not be seen last night. The firm's assets are given as \$2,700,000 as against liabilities of \$4,300,000."

was a queer trembing was a queer trembing. She dared not look at him.

"I'm—I'm glad!" she murmured. \$4,300,000."

words.

he operator. Rand nodded. Angeles at 9 o'clock last night and ing leaves. Then in a low, excited couldn't be delivered in the Limited voice she heard him read: 'cause you wasn't aboard. That's how they knew they'd lost you. Here it Myself with yesterday's seven thousand years! Today of past regret and future fears. Tomorrow: Why, tomorrow I may be

"Dear Gil," read the message. ket. We are both wiped out. I am chap, if you can. Krayne.

* * * * RAND staggered as if struck sharply on the cranium by an opponent's mallet in a scrimmage. Then he came back swiftly. After all, only a wallop! But a hard one!

He strode a few paces up and down in front of the newsstand. Bankrupt, if he wanted to! She wouldn't have turned and stepped back to the win-

"Give me back that 81 cents," he the time of going to press no word had been received."

said. "You needn't send that tele-"Well." Isabella asked, as he came

down the steps and stood beside her, when do you leave?" "Im not leaving," he replied, significantly. "I've chucked the east forever, or rather the east has chucked me. I'm going to start all over again out here.

Something in his manner, the re-Could he know that for the past three months he had been her hero? There was a queer trembling in her throat.

Rand gazed stupidly at the printed with closed eyes. He laid his hand

"First you heard of it?" inquired "Isabella!" he stammered, "I—I—
te operator. Rand nodded.
"Fact is," explained the operator, stopped short and fumbled in his this message was relayed from Los pocket. There was a sound of turn-

USE OF TOBACCO GROWS IN FRANCE

PARIS, November 29.

WO American women sat on the boulevard terrace of the Cafe de la Paix. To be in the movement, they lit cigarettes. men and boys and for men in public.

The waiter hurried up to them makplaces or business hours, wherever a ing nervous gestures. They managed to understand that women may smoke inside a Paris cafe, but they must not do so only in public—expressly—and smoke outside on the street front, use cigarettes for their purpose. In Paris women do smoke publicly-

under cover. up. Since the war, it is more and tors and drivers for example. Taximore common to see them smoking a cab chauffeurs are lately seen in the pipe on the street. That was once a streets of Paris smoking a pipe ing bereavement possessed him. He had lived more in the last twelve hours than in the preceding twelve weeks, while Americans usually smoked ciplease. If their fare doesn't like it

What is surprising is that the figwhich sells all the tobacco sold in ladies of the eighteenth century is dilapidated flivver and held out his the country, show that pipe tobacco kept up among old people with the sells five times as much as cigars peasants and the clergy. Then, at the and cigarettes together. More surprising still, three times more snuff the wife of an Oxford University recand cafes, the impression would be with her nose, a occasion demanded. that cigarette smoking used up most tobacco, whereas it is not one-sevter of a pound of snuff for every

The figures of the tobacco monopoly of France are impressive just because the monopoly is so complete. No to-lalcohol is used in high explosives. A bacco, whether in leaf or manufac-tured, can be bought in foreign countries to be brought into France and no labor because it is the only way they tobacco can be grown or manufac- can get tobacco stimulation in work tured or sold in France itself except | hours. In ordinary city life one's atthrough the state monopoly. And the tention is never called to snuff takmonopoly of matches is a part of it. ing, but every tobacco shop in every

matches are struck by Frenchmen in may come into fashion again.

The station was empty save for the a year would not be so instructive as legraph operator.

these figures showing exactly how ing tobacco, a good part may go into the much tobacco is consumed. There can ing tobacco, a good part may go into the much tobacco is consumed. be no doubt about the figures, because tobacco selling in France is just like post office keeping in the United States. It is a government job and government knows how many side of France?" Last year the postage stamps are made and sold. French monopoly sold to Monte Carlo Tobacco smuggling, mostly in trav- 50,568 pounds and 356,281 pounds to elers' pockets, is very little.

> all shapes was sold in France to the amount of 116,000,000 pounds, as fol-lows: Cigars, 2,940,338 pounds; cigarettes, 15,691,973 pounds; chewing to-bacco, 2,417,985 pounds; snuff, 9,610. 680 pounds; smoking tobacco, 85,361,-

Let us get our minds clear about all surprising things to say about French tobacco as it is sold in other coun-

"We ran a special all the way tries.

friends
fross to Spiit Pine and back last | Cigars are and have always been days?

Chewing tobacco is indulged in as French men smoke enough to make not well smoke-street car conduc-

What shall we say of snuff? We ures of the government monopoly, know that the tradition of the great

I have not been able to find any industry that uses tobacco snuff as factory man tells me that numbers of his workmen use snuff during their To know how many individual street keeps a stock of snuff and little sacks for it. The art snuffbox

Of the immense amount of smok-

other foreign lands. And in In 1922 tobacco of all kinds and in sold to various foreign countries (per-3,000,000 pounds of tobacco from the American Army stocks it had bought is no accounting for tastes. STERLING HEILIG.

All There.

Kind Lady-Don't any of your friends come to see you on



HE COULD SEE, NOW, THE CHARM OF HER PROFILE. EVERY LINE BESPOKE VIGOR, COURAGE,